DIRECTIONS TO FAME,

ABOUT AN

ELEGY

On the Late Deceased

Thomas Thynn, Esq;

AND AN

EULOGY

On other most Famous

English Worthies.

By an Unknown Author.

It Fama per Orbem

LONDON,
Printed by *J. S.* and are to be Sold by *Richard Baldwin*, in the *Old-Baily*, 1682. 7. April.

4/12/32

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Chauncey Brewster Tinker

TO THE

Lady OGLE,

The Supposed

RELICT

OF THE

LATE DECEASED

Thomas Thynn, Esquire.

Madam,

TO You these Verses I Address;
Addresses are the Mode, if they express
Abhorrence of a late Association:
How should I then exceed that part o'th' Nation,
Unless I do abhor their cursed designe,
Who the Great Thynn to Murder did combine?
I may the same Addressers Copy own,
The Reason why I trouble you unknown:

If they, to ſhew their Loyalty and Love,
By late Addreſſing *to the Pow'rs above,*
Did not themſelves too too officious prove:
Why ſhould I think your goodneſs would refuſe,
At leaſt, to pardon this my humble Muſe
For her Attempt, the Great Thynn's *Memory*
To Conſecrate unto Eternity?
To whom could She *with greater Right apply*
Her ſelf, then unto You; who may be thought
The Accidental Cauſe, that Fam'd Thynn *brought*
To his untimely Death? Whom for your Friend,
She hopes you'l own; were it but for his end?
How Ill! Enjoyment thus to be deny'd;
To have the ſhadow only of a Bride!
Hard Fate of Man! That being a Slave to's Word,
And ſcorning to be falſe to his accord,
Occaſion thence ſhould riſe, that to his Life,
The period puts. The Angry Siſters Knife

Could

Could nought withhold, from cutting of the thread?
Hard-hearted (Deſtinys!) to Write Thynn *dead!*
Yet ſo it is. Such the event may prove,
When they, whoſe Age hath quaſht all thoughts of Love,
Attempt by needleſs promiſes to bind
Lovers from that, to which they're moſt enclind.
As if Engagements alter could the mind,
And Youthful Heats be by ſuch Bonds confin'd.
We know that Love doth to it's Center tend:
Fruition is the longing Lovers end.
Would Old Age then this, as Youth's Error mend?
Tho' you refus'd the Great Thynn *in his Life,*
For your Eſpous'd to own, your ſelf his Wife;
Yet now he's dead, you need no ſcruple make,
Were it but for the promis'd Joyntures ſake.
Your Pardon, Madam, I again Implore,
To you I have one ſmall Petition more:

Petitions

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Petitions to a Lady, I do hope,
Will not by Tory *be abhorr'd, nor* Pope.
When some great Hero *shall you next time Wed,*
Let joyful Hymen *lead you both to Bed.*
I doubt not but you'l take this in good part,
Well follow'd it may please you to the heart.
Wives pleas'd by Night are likely so by Day;
And then no fear that they will run away.
Besides, that danger is bred by delay.
Youth's Blooming hopes with Patience cannot stay.
Your hopes therefore too long do not defer;
So humbly Prays your poor Petitioner.

Directions

DIRECTIONS
TO
FAME, &c.

THou Daughter of the Sphear, thou Voice of Air,
See that to me thou hither ſtrait repair ;
Some few Directions I have Thee to give,
That *Engliſh Worthies* Names may ever live.
Firſt, Put thy Trumpet to thy Mouth, and ſound
A ſhrill, a loud, a long Note all around,
From Heav'ns high Arch to Places under Ground:
That all the Nations of the World may hear
Thy Trumpet's Voice. See that thy Sound be clear.

Now take a little Breath. Well! So begin,
And loudly ſound the Name of the *Great Thynn*,
Prince Thynn, *Tom of Ten Thouſands*; whoſe great Mind,
Not in one Town, Hundred, or Shire confin'd,
Sought his whole Country's Good; both far and near
A Patriot fam'd. See that thou blow this clear.
Then breath a while. Well! Now begin agen,
And ſound forth Baſeneſs of ungrateful Men:
How ſome him hated, how ſome angry were;
Some him oppos'd, nor could his Merit bear;
How his juſt Praiſes ſome abhorr'd to hear,
Becauſe a Patriot true he did appear.
Take breath again: Then blow, how others juſt
Were to his Worth, and in him plac'd their Truſt;
And lov'd, admir'd, ador'd this Patriot true:
Sound therefore forth his Praiſes; tis his due.

For thy next Task, Great *Monmouth*'s Glory take,
Which more than ten or twelve great Blaſts may make.

Take therefore Breath; then loudly trumpet forth
This Martial *Hero*, *Monmouth*'s matchleſs Worth;
For Valour fam'd Abroad, well known at Home;
Of *Proteſtants* belov'd, and fear'd of *Rome*.
Sound forth his Glory gain'd in Forreign Wars;
A Souldier's Wounds are honourable Scars:
How he at *Maeſtritch*-Seige got great Renown,
And how he twice for *Lewis* won the Town.
Let the fam'd Battle of *Mons* his Valour ſound;
Where *Orange*, by his Aid, of *France* got Ground.
Tell how the Name of *Monmouth* ran before,
To us being eccho'd from the *Belgick*-Shore;
Which, at's Arrival, made us ſtrait adore,
And ev'ry day admire him more and more.
So that, for all the late Court-Reformation,
He ſtill doth live the Darling of the Nation.
Then next, reſound his Progreſs in the Weſt,
Where the Great *Thynn* for him kept conſtant Feaſt:

How Multitudes, Hundreds, and Thouſands ſtrong,
Men, Women, Children, numberleſs did throng,
To ſee Great *Monmouth*, as he paſs'd along:
How Gentry, Yeomen, flock at his Renown,
To welcom him into each Country Town:
How Men admire, the Women him approve;
And each Sex ſtrive, who ſhould him ſhew moſt love.
From *Avon*'s Bank to *Middl'ton*'s River ſound,
And let it back to *Exeter* rebound.
His *Oxford*-Journey eccho'd loud from *Iſis*,
Along the curling Waves of proud *Thamiſis*,
Relate; and what great Joy did fill the Town,
Whil'ſt all ſpoke of our *Monmouth*'s high Renown.
Monmouth & *Thynn*, thoſe two great Names of Worth,
Together joyn'd, a lovely Pair ſound forth.

Next, *Shaftsbury* may make more than a Blaſt,
Or two, or ten; his Wiſdom, Judgment vaſt,

His politick Head, his thinking Mind, his Care
For King and Country, all Theams noble are,
Which would require to ſhew thy Art moſt rare.
Canſt thou deſire a larger Field for Art?
Mine to Direct, to Perfect is thy Part.
Come Trumpetter, ſhew us thy greateſt Skill,
Breath, and thy blubby Cheeks with freſh Air fill.
What's Great mix not with mean. I would have none
To him a Pillar raiſe of Common Stone.
Birth, Riches, Honours, Parts, and Worldly State,
Are gifts to many Men diſpens'd by Fate.
Give me the man, *Uſurpers* fear and dread,
That him muſt court, and uſe, yet wiſh him dead.
Now, now thy Skill, thou Daughter of the Sphear,
Here's one great Stone his Pillar for to rear.
From Towns 'tis not uncommon to be ſent,
Or Shires, (ſo many are) to Parliament.

But *Is the Man of Three Names alſo choſe,*
For *Noll* to ask: What eminence this ſhows?
Noll was too wiſe to dread mean, common Foes.
When late *Uſurping* Pow'rs were tumbling down,
How many then return'd to help the Crown?
Great *Charles* reſtore, that he might all Command:
The common Act of almoſt the whole Land.
But where's the few, who own'd him in Exile,
When *Cromwel's* Iron Rod rul'd all the Iſle?
Yet ſome there were, and Thouſands too perchance,
That Lov'd him, tho' (Exil'd) he liv'd in *France.*
This many boaſt. But where's the Man of Senſe,
Who him preſerv'd by his Intelligence?
Who dar'd to own, tho' ſecretly, his Cauſe,
For which he muſt by the *Uſurper's* Laws
Aſſuredly have dy'd, had it been known,
And for the Kings Life ſav'd have loſt his own?

But

But two Stones more this Pillar up to raiſe
May ſerve, a laſting Trophy to his praiſe.
By parts, and Vertue, from Gentility,
To be rais'd up unto Nobility,
Is not unuſual, or a thing ſo rare,
But that in Story Inſtances there are.
But for a Subject to have on him thrown,
From King and Country's Enemies, and his own,
The utmoſt of their Spleen, Wrath, Malice, Rage,
How rare? ſcarce ſuch an Inſtance in an Age.
How great's that Man, whoſe very Enemies
Would laviſh for his Life ſo great a prize,
As Credit, Honour, Bodies, Souls, Eſtate,
So he might fall a Victim to their hate?
And why ſuch hate to the Great *Shaftsbury*?
'Tis plain, they are afraid our Liberty
They ſhall not be inabled to deſtroy,
As long as *Charles*, and *He* their Lives Enjoy.

One great Stone more can we but now procure,
'Twill be enough; and if of Signature
Royal, ſo much the better ſtill. Come, Fame,
Search thy Records, turn unto *Shaftsbury*'s Name.
Know'ſt not where 'tis? Search one of th' higheſt Rooms
Within thy Temple, 'mongſt the Great Mens dooms.
There, there! Turn o're the Leaves of that great Book,
And for the Name in Capital Letters look.
Haſt found it? Well! What ſtands there on Record?
What's the report thou mad'ſt of the King's Word?
What did Great *Charles* ſay of this Noble Lord?
Speak boldly: Shaftsbury *Me out would bring,*
When I am into Trouble brought. What thing
Can greater be, than thus t' oblige a King?
Are theſe the very words? I'm ſure the ſence
Is not miſtook, if true th' Intelligence.
Fly then, ye Slanderers, from Pulpit, Court,
From Church, from State, thither no more reſort.

Go to, go to, ye Statef-men, that pretend
The Government (but Tinker-like) to mend.
One hole toſtop, but two, ten, twenty make;
Who'l this for Policy, Craft or Prudence take?
To praiſe your little ſelves, ſome ſcribling Pen
Gold Ore can hire, and diſpraiſe greater Men.
Much of that Authors Rate, who lately writ
Of *Abſalom*, and *Achitophel*'s great wit.
How eaſy 'tis; nor is't a thing ſo rare,
For Poets to cry up, when they compare
A Pigmy Muſhroom to a great Man's Name;
And that's the *Poet*'s, not his *Hero*'s Fame.
He, who can bring Eclipſes on the Stage,
His Muſe can ſuit to this, and the laſt Age,
Can his Play's Epilogues ſo dext'rous make,
As for his Prologues ſome may them miſtake:
And with more readineſs his Prologues turn
To Epilogues, than for's Religion burn.

How eaſily theſe *Hero*'s of his Pen,
Of Muſhrooms may he fancy into Men?
The ſooner, if by Sonnets he did more,
Than Pious Prieſts could ever do before,
And to Religion turn'd his own dear Whore.
So rare an Art, perchance, might fill his Mind
With Thoughts unfitting, much above his Kind;
And make him think, 'twas eaſie for his Verſe
Heroes to raiſe, and whom he pleas'd depreſs.
He, who out of the Quagmire of his Brain,
Could ſtart up *David*'s Harp to *Charles*'s Wain;
With how great Eaſe, even as the Maggot works,
He may Chriſtians fancy Pagans, Jews, or Turks?
His Hackney-Muſe for ſome great Dame might paſs,
Would we but view her Face in the falſe Glaſs
Of his own Fancy: But ſince ſhe rode Poſt,
Old *Noll*, becauſe Victorious, to accoſt;
And ſtill perhaps, for Gold, would court his Ghoſt.

What

What can we think her but a Proſtitute,
Who doth to change her Self ſo often ſuit?
No wonder then, that ſhe doth repreſent
Men from themſelves, and Truth quite different.
So in the Jaundice, oft things Yellow ſhew,
And from falſe Opticks, Species falſe do flow.
But when State-ſtorms ſhall wipe theſe Colours off,
How mean ſhe'll look, beneath each Foot-Boys Scoff?
Then Prieſt-craft might the Poet pleaſe again;
Inſtead of Rhiming Plays, the Country-Swain
Doctrine to teach and uſe, with Application,
Enough to raviſh the whole Rhiming Nation.
Then might the Bays become Canonical,
And Lawrel grow upon the Churches Wall.
How pretty would it be, to ſee *Apollo*
To haſten thither, and his long Train follow
Of Poets, Poetaſters, and the Muſes?
How would they hearken to the Poet's Uſes?

To ſee fair *Chloris*, and the lovely *Philis*,
The Shepherd *Damon*, the ſweet *Amaryllis*,
With her *Amintor*, come in hand and hand,
And to the preaching Poet liſtening ſtand?
How rare would this be? Oh, the bleſſed Time,
To hear the Bells Poetick Muſick chime!
And then the Sermon too might be in Rhime.
To ſee the Garlands hanging, and the VVreaths,
The Pulpit ſtuck with Bays, from whence he breaths
Soft gentle VVhiſpers on the Rhimers under;
And then the Cuſhion Thumps, and ſo does thunder
In ſharp Reproofes, Corrects their Poetry,
Shews where their mounting fancy ſoars too high,
And where their humble muſe too low doth fly;
And then (like Learned Preacher) makes Digreſſion
With little wit, leſs ſhame, and no Diſcretion;
Our great Men's Lives to ſatyrize pretends,
And ſo with railing, 'ſtead of Bleſſing ends.

How ſoon would then drink-Water Poets ſhun
Parnaſſus, and unto his Sermon Run?
How well this Prieſt would ſute unto his Nun;
Should he take that time to preach up the Pope,
And Chriſten Bells? but then beware the Rope.
For ſuch bold prancks would hardly ſcape the Laws.
"Nought then would ſerve to prop his tottering cauſe.
His Holy Water, though drawn from the ſtream
That gently flows from the fain'd *Hipparene*;
Would not the devil-a-Beadle keep away
Nor thunder from the Lawrel nor from Bay
The Lightning: while the Amorous *David* lives,
And to Religions Laws full vigour gives.
Whilſt Noble *Shafisbury* ſtands Armour proof,
Let Weather riſe, or winds blow ne're ſo rough.
So ſolid is his Truth, his Loyalty,
It needs no Art its worth to magnifie,
Muchleſs can Hackney-Pens it Vilify.

What think'ſt now, Fame? where ſome great Architect
Shall we procure, this *Pillar* to Erect?
The grand Materials thou ſeeſt ready there,
Where's then the Maſter-Builder it to rear?
But now, I think; we need not ſo much care
For Tools or Workmen; the Stones ready are.
What matter is't, tho' they be roughly hewn?
The ſolid firmneſs will be better ſhewn.
The Work commends th' Artificer, not the Stone.
That pleaſes moſt, which is moſt natural:
Theſe Stones then caſt together, as they fall,
So let them lye, they cannot fall amiſs:
That Truth is beſt, which plain, and artleſs, is.
Who e're a laſting Trophy would erect,
Materials good, and ſound, he doth expect:
Not Tinſel ware, guilt o're, when nought lies under,
But baſe vile traſh; this ne're will make a wonder.

Fam'd Artleſs *Stonehenge* on the *Wiltſhire*-plains,
Is more admir'd among the *Weſtern* Swains,
Than the carv'd Heads, how'ere ſo natural,
Which they at *Chriſtmaſs* ſee in Landlords Hall.
Unto the Learned likewiſe I appeal,
Whether of Nature this doth not reveal
More, and of wonder, than *Mauſolus* Tomb,
Or *Ægypts Piramids*. I'le ſtand their Doom.
Were cry'd-up *Dryden* Judge, I need not care.
Here's not vile ſtuff, nor Counterfeited ware,
Us'd, this Triumphant *P*illar for to rear.
Such leave to him, who with falſe weights of late,
The *Medal* weigh'd, that when he would create
Some guilded Fop into a Man of State;
He may have where-withal the doughty piece
To deck, and ſo fetch home the Golden Fleece.

What

*W*hat matter is't how little Truth be writ,
So that there be the Varniſh of ſome wit?
And yellow Boys have ſoundly paid for it.
Theſe charmers make his Sp'rit of *P*oetry come;
So *Peter-Pence* can *B*leſs, or Curſe, from *Rome*.
Small Honeſty, leſs Truth, and little wit
For ſome mens Fame will make a *P*oet fit,
Out of no worth great praiſes to create,
And then an *Hero* make, not made by Fate;
Deed great enough for *Poet Lawreate*.
But if in *Helicon* theſe be the Laws
Apollo makes, who would eſpouſe his Cauſe?
Who but a true Conformiſt in all ways,
To what is uppermoſt, through all his days.
Let no man envy then the *Poet's Bayes*;
Who, that he might not a Diſſenter prove,
Seems by his Acts reſolv'd to fall in Love

With

With this looſe Age's Vices, Whoring, Drinking,
Lewd Railing, Scribling much, and little thinking,
With Huffing, Roaring, Ranting, Damning, Sinking.
But let him like his fancy'd *Froggs* croak on,
And 'ſtead of *Medals*, write *Sedition*;
Until, by his own croaking ſound, and ta'ne,
He live a Slave to ſome proud *Tory* Crane,
And for him then ſmall *Panegyricks* frame.
So now to's *Frog*-like croaking leave him, Fame,
(The generous *Eagle* ſcorns ſo mean a Game,)
And let's return to our great Man of Name:
To whom this Pillar, of choice Stones prepar'd,
To future Ages laſting thou haſt rear'd.
'Tis Marble true, that ſtands both Wind and Weather,
Tho Rain, Hail, Snow, in Storms come all together.
Now, Fame, thy utmoſt aid I do Implore,
To fill each Iſle, each Creek, each Nook, each Shore,
With *Shafts-bury*'s great Name. What can'ſt thou more?

O're Hills, o're Dales, o're Desart Plains it sound,
And when it shall have past the whole World round,
Let it's loud Eccho back to us rebound.

His Seconds, *Howard*, *Grey*, and *Cav'ndish* Name,
And not forget some other Nobles Fame,
Kent, *Essex*, *Wharton*, *Lovelace*, *Buckingham*,
With *Salisbury*, and other Famous Lords,
Whose Names and Merits swell up thy Records:
Fam'd Patriots, not in late Poets sense,
" *As those who would by Law supplant their Prince* ;
But such, whose wishes are to have *Charles* Great,
That He might ever fill his Fathers Seat
With as great Lustre, Majesty and Honour,
As fit it is to ask of the Great Donor.

Hold now, retire to fetch more breath; and then
Sound forth our *Commons*, true, Old *English Men*,

Who

Who would not ſell their Country's Right for Gold,
Their names, their worth, their number ſhould be told;
Couldſt thou but promiſe me thy breath would hold:
However ſound in gen'ral their Renown;
They are well known in Country, and in Town.

In the next place, to wiſh who can forbear,
The praiſe of Old, and of New *Shrieves* to hear,
In *London* fam'd Triumphant? Sound this clear.
Fam'd *Bethel*, *Corniſh*, *Pilkington*, and *Shute*;
Men of Great Souls, great Worth, and great Repute:
Whom Favour could not bribe, nor fear compel,
Their Priviledge to betray, nor Birth-right ſell;
The Glories of our *Engliſh Iſrael*;
Who in the Breach, 'gainſt all Oppoſers, ſtand
The City's Bulwark, Safe-guard of the Land,
Under Our *Faith's Defender*, whom we find
His Subjects to protect by Law inclin'd?

Who as their own, eſpouſe their Country's Cauſe,
And would not Juries pack, to wreſt the Laws?
Tho' *Hackney-Pens* ſhould Innocence defame,
Falſe Plots againſt good Patriots could Frame,
And *Iriſh* Evidence would Swear the ſame;
Yet theſe brave Men would highly ſcorn to Joyn,
Againſt Juſt Right, and fecond their deſign;
Tho' other Pow'rs againſt them ſhould Combine;
They fear not great Mens Threats, nor Mulct, nor Fine.
Let nemies reproach, ill Tongues revile,
By baſeſt Acts, by Bribes, by Fraud and Guile,
Condemn the Innocent, the Guilty quit,
And make Law ſpeak, Juſt as they would have it,
Then ring the Bells, and *Huzza*-Healths drink round,
Undaunted *Shrieves* ſhall always ſtand their ground,
And be, in ſpight of Malice, Honeſt found.
The Country ſhall them laud, the City Sing
Of their high praiſe: how Loyal to their King,

How great, how good, how faithful to the State?
See, Fame, that thou to all do this relate.
Lift up thy Voice, and thy whole force unite,
Sound, and reſound their praiſe with all thy might.
Let all the Eccho of thy Trumpet hear,
In *London*, and all Places far and near,
That to their Merit all may *Trophees* rear.
Another blaſt make of Great *London*'s Glory,
So Fam'd in Antient and in Modern Story:
London, that Planet fix't, which doth diſpence
All o're the Nation its grand Influence.
But paſs not o're the good *Lord Mayors* Show;
For ſome were good, and ſome were bad, we know.
Good Mens great Deeds ſound forth, as faithful, true;
Slight ſuch, whoſe Actions ſay, they ſlighted you.
Hold here. Refrain. Take breath, and ſo return
To the great *Thynn*, for whom we now muſt mourn.

Thy

Thy Trumpet veil in Cypreſs, as 'tis due,
And put on Mourning Weeds of ſable Hue.
But firſt let's hear thee make a doleful Tone,
Moſt lively to expreſs a dying Grone,
The City ſighs, Friends cry, and Countries mone.
Hold there, and ſtop. What Marble can forbear
For *Thynn*'s untimely Death to drop a tear?
Unto his Memory Thouſands are to ſmall
A Tribute to be paid: Let's pay him all.
Hold, hold; leaſt that the Sluces of our Eyes
Pull'd up, ſo great a Deluge ſhould ariſe,
The Cataracts being open, as to drown
All places near, in Country, and in Town;
So great his Merit was, ſuch his Renown.
Or grief renew'd, our hearts ſhould faſter bleed,
Than he, who ſuffered, or, who did the deed.
In Mourning clad, ſee that thou next reſound
In Heaven, in Earth, and Regions under ground,

Great *Thynn*'s ſad Murther, in a mournful tone,
Enough to make the Worlds Foundation grone.
Above, below, and in each dead Mans Cell,
Of *Thynn*'s fate let thy Trumpets Eccho tell.
Now here leave off a ſpace, to get more breath, (Death
That thou may'ſt ſound more loud the great *Thynn*'s
But then involve in dark obſcurity
The Actors of this direful *Tragedy*:
Let their's be the perpetual Infamy.
Of theſe Mens horrid Names no mention make,
Let them ſink deep, as Lead, in *Lethe* Lake.
Let their Memorials fret like canker'd ruſt,
And periſh in the Earths oblivious duſt.
That fatal ſhot, by which great *Thynn* did dye,
May ever ſerve to blaſt their Memory.
When theſe baſe ſtrangers to his Coach drew near,
How little did he his own Murther fear?
Of ſuch a treacherous Act who thought to hear?

Three

Three Men to come well arm'd, what valiant skill
Shew'd it one ſingle Man, unarm'd, to kill?
But ſuch we find was the deſign'd intent,
To ſhoot, to kill, to fly, 'twas this was meant:
For this were theſe vile Murd'rers hir'd and ſent.
And with too great ſucceſs alaſs——
Who is't can chooſe but weep? But now refrain
We muſt, and from our griefs ſome reſpite gain,
Theſe Murderers to ſeek. Here found *Thynn*'s Friend,
Great *Monmouth*, who prov'd ſo unto his end.
Unto his Diligence ſound praiſes due,
The Murder to Revenge. Friendſhip moſt true,
A dying Friend's curſt Murd'rers to purſue!
Juſt his Reſentments, Laudable his Zeal,
Thoſe to detect, who friendſhips common-weal
Strove to deſtroy; who would a Sacrifice
Of all that's good, make to their Avarice.

Stop

Stop here a while, and next ſound forth the ſence,
We all ſhould have, of a juſt Providence.
That when themſelves ſecure the Murd'rers thought;
They were found out, and unto Juſtice brought.
Next Carols loudly ſound to *Charles* the good,
So careful to Revenge his Subjects blood;
He would not favour grant, nor pardon give,
But was reſolv'd, that they ſhould Dye, or Live,
As Law requir'd, as Juſtice did Command:
So may Great *Charles* for ever Rule the Land.
A little pauſe; and then to all Men ſound,
What puniſhment theſe baſe offenders found.
How the three Actors in this *Tragedy*,
Were doom'd to Death, and by the Rope did dye.
As for the Principal, he's not thought clear,
Tho' ſome him quitted. Sound this far and near.
What muſt thy next blaſt be? Stay, take ſome breath;
How doleful is't to think of great *Thynn*'s Death?

But ſadder then ſtill to hear the doleful ſound
The great *Thynn*'s Corps is putting under ground.
However order keep. Publiſh his Dath,
Thynn, *Thynn*, *Thynn*, ſound thrice, and ſo take breath.
Thynn's Dead, and to be buried. Doleful ſtory.
What's now become of all this great Mans Glory?
His ſad Fate tell's us, all is Tranſitory.
Next ſound the Funeral Pomp, ſad Obſequies,
(Badges as great of grief as Elegies)
The Streamers, Scutch'ons, and black Mourners throng,
With ſilence how profound all paſt along,
The Mournful Grandeure, and the ſolemn State,
Wherein the Corps (as was decreed by Fate)
Was carried to the *Abbey*. Next reſound,
How great *Thynn*'s Corps they laid in Sacred Ground
Then make one blaſt of the great Monument,
Which, we do truſt, it is his Friends intent

In *Westminster* soon to erect a shrine
Fit to contain *Thynn*'s Reliques most Divine.
While we do hope, from Earth is fled his Soul,
His better part, and far above the Pole
Being mounted, happy is, and fully blest,
From Toyl, Grief, Trouble, Eternally to rest,
Thus I direct thee for *Thynn*'s Elegy,
To sound his just praise to Eternity.
Next I direct Thee Fame, thy Voice to raise,
And Trumpet forth those English Worthies praise,
Whose Names so precious are in these our days.
Throughout their Lives may Honour them attend,
And their Immortal Glory know no end.
Mine is the wish, thou Daughter of the Sphere
Thine is the Part to sound them far and near.
Sum up their praises all in one long blast,
Ten Hundred Thousand Ages for to last,

And sound them forth? while I *Thynn*'s Mournful Herse:
(The most that I can do) deck with this Verse.

Here Lies Great Thynn, *Gentile in Birth, no Lord,*
Yet more by us, than some such Names, Ador'd.
His Country ask, if you would know his Life;
If of his Death, go, ask his unkind Wife.

FINIS.